A Useful Remedy.

Little Jamie, aged three, was playing with his little friend, Jack. At the time Jamie chanced to have a rather heavy cold and was sneezing quite often. Jack's mother heard him several times and sympathetically asked: "Why, Jamie, what a cold you have! Doesn't your mother give you anything for it?" "Yes ma'am," Jamie very respectfully answered, "She gives me a clean handkerchief," whereupon he produced the prescribed "remedy."—Delineator.

Sun Cooking.

A German, Baron Tehernhausen, was the first sun cook. He began in 1687 to boil water, and in 1688 he had very good success in boiling eggs. Sir John Herschel and Buffon are other famous names associated with sun cooking. Sun cooking—roasting and boiling by sunlight instead of coal or gas—has been going on for three hundred years. There are sun stoves that roast a sirloin or boil a soup to perfection. They are only used, however, by scientists.

Springtime

Novelized by Porter Emerson Browne

From the Play of the Same Name by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson

"THIS YOUNG LADY IS FAR FROM HOME. WILL YOU KEEP HER HERE UNTIL MORNING?"

evening star. It has risen in the sky and overshadows all else in the heavens, and that is the way you have risen in my life to outshine everything else, to guide me in the way I should go. You are my evening star, and as well you are my morning star, and"—

He looked down into her eyes and saw that they had closed in contented sleep

Tenderly—ever so tenderly—he wrapped his strong arms about her frail little body, and, holding her close to his breast, he started along the winding pathway. One of her arms he bent around his neck. Her ringlets of golden hair fell against his cheek as he walked. Her bosom gently rose and fell as she dreamed herself away into the magic realms of fairyland, with her gallant fairy prince, Gilbert Steele, as her protector and guide. As he looked down into her innocent face and understood in his way the unfathomable depth of the trust she had placed in him and in his honor Gilbert Steele vowed a vow with himself and with his God that he would hold sacred this trust and strive manfully to justify it, as was the duty of a true man and a soldier in Andrew Jackson's army.

Passed almost an hour ere Gilbert Steele reached with his precious burden the house of a plantation manager whom he was certain would be able and willing to provide shelter for the girl for the night.

Throaty baying of dun coated hounds sent Gilbert, startled, aback as he drew near the dwelling, and the sleeping girl, with a cry of terror, lurched dazedly from his arms. The planter, aroused by the disturbance, appeared in the doorway, his figure silhouetted boldly in the glare of yellow light that streamed forth into the darkness. He carried a musket, in readiness for immediate action. These were dangerous times, and night prowlers were usually bent on questionable errands.

"Stand back or I'll fire!" he cried threateningly, leveling the weapon at the figure of the man his eyes dimly discerned.

But no sooner had he spoken than the householder lowered the gun, for, much to his amazement, he beheld coming into the path of light a young man whose face was familiar to him and resting on his arm was a pale faced, wan eyed young girl, whose dainty raiment of white was torn through contact with briers and stained here and there with dirt marks.

"This young lady is far from home," announced Gilbert, "lost her way, needs food and rest. Will you keep her here until morning? I will pay you well."

The planter glowered suspiciously at them.

"I will have to ask my wife," was his reply as he drew back into the house, slammed the door and left the travel worn couple standing disconsolately in the blackness of the night.

The girl clung to Gilbert in nervous fear of the dogs, which, however, were leashed in a woodshed near by. He comforted her, though he also was dismayed—for another reason, however.

Suppose the planter's wife would not take Madeleine in! What was to be done then? Not another dwelling within miles!

There would be only one resource, and that was practically no resource at all, was probably out of the question, for it meant the taking of the girl through the lines of the distant military camp and the procuring of shelter of some sort for her there.

The door finally opened. Gilbert awaited tensely the answer. The planter again appeared.

"Come on in," he snapped. "Come in and explain to my wife, and if you can satisfy her that you're all right you can leave the young person here for the night."

With a sigh of relief at the glimmer of hope held out to him Gilbert half carried his charge across the threshold and into the living room of the planter's house.

He explained that the girl had strayed into the woods in search of wild flowers, had lost her way, that he had fortunately come across her and had guided her to the planter's house, from whence she could return home in the morning.

No; he had had no opportunity to take her to her own home, because the distance was very great and he was compelled to join his soldier comrades or else prove disobedient to his superior officer—something he would under no circumstances do.

The planter's mate surveyed them both with keenly penetrating eyes. Perhaps she guessed that the handsome soldier lad had not told her all of his story or very much of the truth of the situation.

Perhaps she knew that the bewildered gaze of the wearied young girl as she listened to her companion's story revealed it to be a pure and, so far as she was concerned, an entirely unnecessary fabrication.

Perhaps the kindly woman knew intuitively that before her were two hearts that throbbed solely for one another, and she questioned not the story.

She gave them food and drink, and when it came time for the soldier to face the long tramp to his camp she withdrew quietly from the room, leaving them to bid each other farewell.

"Do not leave me; do not go," the girl pleaded with Gilbert. "You must never be away from me again, and"—her voice quavered—"they will shoot you—you will be killed."

Her eyes filled with tears as she clung to him.

"No, no; it is a soldier's duty to brave unflinchingly whatever danger may occur. My country has called me, and I must respond. Besides, dear one, there is no danger. Those redcoats don't know the country. They stand up in line in the open, while we shoot them from behind trees and from ditches where we lie concealed."

She shuddered at his description of the horrible thing which she vaguely understood to be war. A strange, terrified look came into her eyes.

"You say what is not so," she fluttered. "There is danger. You will be killed. I feel it; I know it. I can see you now"—her eyes closed, and she clutched his arm with both her tiny hands—"I can see you now lying beside a rock; there is a hole in your forehead; there is blood on your face, Gilbert, and lying all around you are men whose arms and legs are gone." She reeled away from him and swayed backward. He sprang to her and saved her from falling.

"Yes," she went on prophetically, her voice rising—"yes, Gilbert—my Gilbert—and I can see the man who killed you. There he is crouching over there." She pointed hysterically before her. "He is laughing and loading his gun, and his face—oh, his face is the face of Raoul de Valette!"

As she cried out these last words her voice broke into a despairing wail, and she fell forward limply in her lover's arms. She was unconscious.

The planter and his wife responded to the lad's frantic calls, and they carried the precious form up into a bedroom, where the woman applied restoratives. When Madeleine finally opened her eyes and looked about her word was sent to the anxious soldier waiting below.

"You had better go now. She is all right," advised the planter. "She will be taken home in the morning. If you go near her again she will only faint again, so my old woman says."

Gilbert Steele took up his hat and, with a heart overwhelmed with sadness, plunged desperately out into the darkness.

A vague, intangible sense of impending doom smote him. He fought it off manfully, but it would not down. The girl's words, her manner, *her closed eyes that saw* as she warned him of his fate, made him tremble for the morrow.

Gilbert Steele was not a coward. Yet for the first time in his life he was possessed by physical fear. In his elementary young life he had not been accustomed to analyzing his feelings or his emotions. Events had come too quickly to permit him to discover that there was such a form of self examination as psychology. Had he known something about this introspective as well as projective science he would have been able to comfort himself with the reflection that the unnerving fear that threatened to master him was solely the result of the overwrought and temporarily distracted mind of the girl he loved.

But to Gilbert Steele, stumbling through the abysmal pitch of the night, the closed eyes that saw had penetrated into the hidden world of the things that were to be, and try as he would he could not shut out from his own vision the crouching body that reloaded a gun and the face that laughed—*the face of Raoul de Valette!*

Chapter 9

THE American soldiery were rallying to the defense of the beautiful Crescent City, and for weeks the surrounding country presented scenes of unparalleled military activity.

The meager troops of the defenders were gradually re-enforced by the operations of the recruiting forces, which were sometimes ruthless in their manner of "persuading" men to join the army. And there was need of men—grave need.

The commander of the British forces, Sir Edward Pakenham, had in his forces the picked veterans of foreign wars, 10,000 of them in all—men who had braved the terrors of continental campaigns under Wellington—men of brawn and skill and courage, who side by side with the bearded Prussians, had shattered the Old Guard of Napoleon at Waterloo.

Surely this proud array would make brief work of Andy Jackson's ragamuffins; surely this rawboned American rebel, with his combined force of only 5,800 soldiers, most of whom were but half trained, had no hope of prevailing against the flower of the British army. Thus reasoned Sir Edward Pakenham and his staff of gilded advisers, little remembering that those men are twice armed who war for home, for country and for right.

The closing days of the war of 1812 were momentous ones for the American people. Proud Britain, shorn of her briefly tolerated "right" to search American ships for supposed subjects in the ranks of the seamen and prevented from perpetrating other gross injustices on Americans and American property, was battling on land to regain the prestige which Yankee bravery had so sorely shattered on the high seas. And it was in the general neighborhood of New Orleans that was to be struck a decisive blow to demonstrate the superior force of the one time mother country.

But when a nation produces Gilbert Steeles to wage its wars in the ranks, throwing their lives in the balance, risking life and love for the stars and stripes that wave above them, then indeed must invaders look sharply to their muskets and their saber edges and learn to weigh opponents in a scale giving a record that does not lie.

* * * * * * *

Dawn, following the night when Gilbert Steele left Madeleine de Valette at the planter's house, found him stretched in troubled sleep on the ground in the camp with his mates. As yet the hastily mustered detachment to which he belonged had not been able to secure tents for any save the officers, for the infant nation was but ill supplied with funds to provide necessities for its defenders.

Shortly after the first streaks of morning light painted the eastern sky a bugle sounded, followed by the rat-a-tat-tat-tat-tat of a drum—reveille—and the rows of sleeping men unwound themselves stiffly from their blankets, gathered the rolled coats which had served as pillows and proceeded to fall in line before the crudely constructed cook shack, where coffee and beans would be served to them for breakfast.

The day had come, and over Gilbert Steele there stole thoughts—thoughts of Madeleine de Valette—which subdued his ordinarily gay spirits and caused his comrades to survey him in wonder and regret.

The day of the big fight and Gilbert Steele was sad and gloomy. "Something wrong with him, sure," was the comment bandied about among his fellow musketeers.

True, he had been sharply reprimanded by the captain for his delinquency of the day before. He had promised Wolf, back in the forest, up the river, that he would not delay if given permission to stop a few moments to talk with a young lady. He had failed to keep his promise to the letter, for he had not caught up with the squad of backwoodsmen under Wolf's command when they reached their boats at the river's edge.

They had waited and hallooed for him. He did not appear and had been compelled to walk the entire way to the camp, arriving after midnight, thus tiring him for the work of the day in which every ounce of energy he could command would be required.

Yes, the captain had been angry with Gilbert, but his good points were so well known that he was not penalized in any way. Therefore the lad's associates were certain that this sub-

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ESKIMO FOOTWEAR.

Boots of the Arctic Regions and How They Are Made.

The Eskimos, as a rule, use nothing but the sealskin, deerskin, musk oxen, arctic hare and bird skins for both their feet and their clothing. In the first place they skin the hare, clean and dry it and chew it all over, and when it is thoroughly dry they cut it up and make socks to wear inside of their seal or deer skin boots (in their language called kamaks). The sealskin is taken, the fat cleaned off, a wooden frame made about a foot on the round larger than the skin, and the skin is then laced tightly around a frame and kept in the sun until thoroughly dry.

Then the squaws or women clean and, set about cutting it up into boots, which are generally made about two or three sizes too large. The bottom, or sole, is cut to the shape of the foot in one piece, the uppers are joined and sewed to the edge of the bottom, and the fore part is sewed to the leg nearly straight across the instep. The leg is cut out according to the length wanted, with a receiving string in the top to tie over, thus keeping the snow out.

The arctic Eskimos do not use bark or tan of any kind for their skins. It cannot be procured, and they do not know how to use it. Should their boots dry up their ladies, or squaws, take them and chew them all over, and in ten minutes they are as soft as a glove. Farther south and in some parts of Labrador the skins are barked and thoroughly dried and when made up last much longer. It makes a good deal of difference what species of seals are used. The best by far are the square flipper and the old harp seal. Could they get leather and soles for their boots as we do in this country it would be an improvement for summer wear, but would not answer for winter.

A good pair of skin boots will last an Eskimo for nearly six months with constant wear on the ice.—Captain Moses Bartlett in Superintendent and Foreman.

He Didn't Ask.

He is a small boy who likes to have the things that he wants, and he is diplomatic in getting them. The other day he had gone out to make a call with his mamma upon an old friend.

"Now, dear," said mamma as they stood on the doorstep, "remember that you are not to ask for anything."

"Yes, mamma," answered the small boy.

"I have been busy almost all the morning making crullers," said the friend as she entered the room and greeted them. A beatific expression spread over the small boy's face.

"I like to hear you talk about crullers," he said, with a smile of more than childlike innocence.

"Why, are you fond of them?" asked the mamma's friend in a pleased tone.

"Oh, yes, very," said the small boy, looking if anything still more innocent.

"I didn't ask for them, mamma," he cried in a tone of indignant protest as the door closed on the cruller maker, who had gone to bring in a sample.

How He Knew.

In an assault and battery case tried in a Cleveland court the prosecuting witness testified at length that the defendant had knocked him senseless and had then kicked him for several minutes.

"If this man's attack rendered you unconscious," demanded the magistrate, "how is it that you know he kicked you when you were down?"

This question seemed to floor the witness. He was lost in reflection for some moments; then, brightening, he replied:

"I know it, your honor, because that's what I would have done to him if I'd got him down."—Circle